

The Juniata Sentinel.
ESTABLISHED IN 1848.
PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING,
BRIDGE STREET, OPPOSITE THE OLD FELLOWS' HALL,
MIFFLINTOWN, PA.
THE JUNIATA SENTINEL is published every
Wednesday morning at \$1.50 a year, in ad-
vance; or \$2.00 in all cases if not paid
promptly in advance. No subscriptions dis-
counted until all arrearages are paid, unless
at the option of the publisher.

Business Cards.
ROBERT MCMEEN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MIFFLINTOWN, PA.
Office on Bridge Street, in the room formerly
occupied by Mrs. B. Parker, Esq.
ALEX. K. McCURE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
144 SOUTH SIXTH STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.
Oct 27-17

S. B. LOUDEN,
MIFFLINTOWN, PA.
Offers his services to the citizens of Juni-
ata county as Auctioneer and Vendee Crier.
Charges, from two to ten dollars, according
to amount warranted. [Aug 15-17]

THOMAS A. ELDER, M. D.,
MIFFLINTOWN, PA.
Office hours 9 A. M. to 3 P. M. Office in
Beiford's building, two doors above the
New office, Bridge street. [Aug 18-17]

DR. P. C. RUNDIO,
DRUGGIST,
PATTERSON, PENNA.
August 18, 1897-17

D. C. SMITH, M. D.,
HOMOEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN & SURGEON
Having permanently located in the borough
of Mifflintown, offers his professional services
to the citizens of this place and surrounding
country.
Office on Main street, over Deiler's Drug
Store. [Aug 18 1897-17]

G. W. McPHERIAN,
Attorney at Law,
601 SANSON STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.
Aug 18 1897-17

CENTRAL CLAIM AGENCY,
JAMES M. SELLERS,
144 SOUTH SIXTH STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.
Sole Agents, Pennsylv. Reg. Bk. Horse
Claims, State Claims, etc. promptly collected.
No charge for information, nor when money
is not collected. [Oct 27-17]

WILLIAM WISE,
Mifflintown, Pa.
Agent of the CELEBRATED AMERICAN
ORGANS for Juniata county. These are
the best ORGANS now made. Suffered in
all circumstances. Prices ranging from \$100
to \$200.
Also, Agent for FIRST CLASS PIANOS.
All instruments sold warranted for five years.
Aug 2 1897-17

**LEBANON MUTUAL
FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,
of Jonestown, Pa.**
POLICIES Perpetual, at low rates. No
losses taken. This is one of the
best conducted and most reliable companies
in the State. The undersigned, agent, will
visit Mifflintown and Patterson on the second
Wednesday of each month.
JOHN SWAN,
Agent for Mifflintown and Juniata counties.
Lewistown Aug 17, 1897-17

MALDENVILLE TIN SHOP.—The un-
derigned has established himself in
Mifflintown in the Tinning business. He
desires to purchase anything in his line should
call before purchasing elsewhere as he is
prepared to manufacture all kinds of Tin and
Sheet Iron Ware, and to sell as low as they
can be purchased elsewhere. His old cus-
tomers and the public generally are respectfully
invited to call, as he hopes by strict at-
tention to business to deserve a share of patronage.
Aug 18 1897-17

CLARK & FRANK,
HARDWARE DEALERS,
OPPOSITE THE COURT HOUSE,
MIFFLINTOWN, PENNA.
Iron, Steel, Nails, Nail Rods, Horse Shoes,
Carpenters, Builders, Carriage Makers, Cab-
inet Makers and House Furnishing
HARDWARE
Call before purchasing elsewhere, at
CLARK & FRANKS,
Aug 18, 1897-17

BEST CIGARS IN TOWN
AT
Hollohan's Saloon.
Two for 5 cents. Also, the finest Lager,
the Largest Cider, the Sweetest Cider, the
Finest Domestic Wine, and, in short, any-
thing you wish in the
EATING OR DRINKING LINE
at the most reasonable prices. He has also
refined his
BILLIARD HALL.
so that it will now compare favorably with
any Hall in the interior of the State.
June 1, 1870-17

COAL AND LUMBER YARD.—The under-
signed begs leave to inform the public
that he keeps constantly on hand a large stock
of Coal and Lumber. His stock embraces in
part, Stone Coal, Smith Coal and Lime-bar-
rels Coal, at the lowest cash rates.
Lumber of all kinds and quality, such as
White Pine Plank, two inches, do 14 White
Pine Boards, 1 inch, do one-half inch, White
Pine worked, Flooring, Hemlock Boards,
Scantling, Joist, Roofing Lath, Plastering
Lath, Shingles, Striping, Sash and Doors.
Coal and Lumber delivered at short notice
Persons on the East side of the River can be
furnished with Limeburners Coal, etc., from
the coal yard at Tynons Lock.
Aug 15-17.

J. M. KEPHEART
WITH
BARNES BROTHER & HERRON,
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
HATS AND CAPS,
603 Market Street, Philadelphia
Aug 18, 1897-17.

Juniata Sentinel

VOLUME XXIV, NO. 44. MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENN. A., NOVEMBER 2, 1870. WHOLE NUMBER 1233

Sewing Machines.
THE CELEBRATED SINGER
SEWING MACHINE
THE superior merits of the "Singer" Ma-
chines over all others, for either family
use or manufacturing purposes, are well
established and so generally admitted, that
an enumeration of their relative excellencies
is no longer considered necessary.
OUR NEW FAMILY MACHINE,
which has been years in preparation and
which has been brought to perfection regard-
less of time, labor or expense, and is now
confidently presented to the public as com-
parably the best Sewing Machine in exist-
ence.
The Machine in question is simple, com-
pact, durable and beautiful. Its quiet, light
running, and its ease of performing range
and variety of work, never before attempted
upon a Sewing Machine,—making either Silk-
Fust, Linen or Cotton Thread, and a sewing
with equal facility the very finest and costliest
materials, and anything between the two ex-
tremes, in the most beautiful and substantial
manner. Its construction for hemming, braid-
ing, cording, quilting, felling, trimming,
binding, etc., are novel and practical,
and have been invented and adjusted spec-
ially for this Machine.
Machines always kept on hand at our
Clothing Store on Bridge street, Mifflintown,
Pa., for the inspection of the public, and for
sale at the most reasonable prices.
Machine Cotton, Needles, Thread, Oil, Ac.,
and everything pertaining to this Machine
constantly kept on hand for sale.
D. W. HARTLEY & CO., Agents,
Mifflintown, July 13, 1870-17

**GROVER & BAKER'S
SEWING MACHINE.**
The following are selected from thou-
sands of testimonials of similar character,
as expressing the reasons for the preference
for the GROVER & BAKER Machines over
all others.
"I like the Grover & Baker Machine,
the first place, because, if I had any other,
I should still want a Grover & Baker, and
I have had several years experience with
a Grover & Baker Machine, which has given
me great satisfaction. I think the Grover &
Baker Machine is more easily managed, and
less liable to get out of order. I prefer the
Grover & Baker, decidedly."—Mrs. Dr. Watts,
New York.
"I have had one in my family for some two
years, and from what I know of its workings,
and from the testimony of many of my
friends who use the same, I can hardly see
how anything could be more complete or
better constructed."—Mrs. General Grant.
"I believe it to be the best, all things con-
sidered, of any that I have known. It is
very simple and easily learned; the sewing
from the ordinary spools is a great advan-
tage; the stitch is entirely reliable; it does
ornamental work beautifully; it is not liable
to get out of order."—Mrs. A. M. Spooner, 30
Bond Street, London.
"I am acquainted with the work of the
principal machines; and I prefer the Grover &
Baker to them all, because I consider the
stitch more elastic. I have worked now in
the house which was done nine years ago, which
is still good."—Mrs. Dr. McGeehan, No. 48
East Twenty-third Street, New York.
"More than two-thirds of all the sewing
done in my family for the last two years has
been done by Grover & Baker's Machine, and
I never had a garment rip or need mending,
except those made by the following machines
made in whole cloth. It is in my opinion by
far the most valuable of any I have tried."—
Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher.
The Grover & Baker Sewing Machine
Company manufacture both the Elastic
Stitch and Lock Stitch Machines, and
offer the public a choice of the best ma-
chines of both kinds, at their establish-
ments in all the large cities, and through
agencies in nearly all towns throughout
the country. Price Lists and samples of
sewing in both stitches furnished on ap-
plication to Grover & Baker S. M. Co.,
115 Market Street, Harrisburg.
April 25, 1870.

New Firm.
FASICK & NORTH,
BOOT & SHOE MAKERS,
MAIN STREET, MIFFLIN,
In the Hotel Building of Mrs. Albright.
Having entered into partnership, we are now
prepared to manufacture and have for sale
all kinds of
BOOTS, SHOES AND GAITERS.
SPECIALTY FOR GENTS,
GENTS, LADIES AND CHILDREN.
Our work is all manufactured by ourselves,
and we warrant it to be made of the best ma-
terial. Our work sold at our counter will be
repaired free of charge, should the sewing
give way.
Give us a call, for we feel confident that we
can furnish you with any kind of work you
may desire.
FASICK & NORTH,
Aug 18, 1897-17

COGNAC, SCHWARZ & CO.,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS
AND WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
MACKEREL, SALMON, HERRING,
SHAD,
AND PROVISION GENERALLY.
144 North Delaware Avenue, and
137 North Water Street,
PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
Aug 18 1897-17

Poor's Corner.
WANTING.
The Autumn days are waning, and the gold is
on the leaf.
The gold and crimson tint that paints with
splendor bright and brief
The grand old oaks. The copper-red is on
the bending bough.
The brown nut rustic ripe and full above
the shadowy reach.
The wallows gather near the covert; the
first dull cloudy day
Will bear them all, on eager wings, to sun-
nier climes away; and I shall say
So sit off with us, alas! Our brief bright
Summer ends.
Comes Winter resolute and stern: A way troop
Summer friends.
The last rose bushes on her stem, in beauty
all alone,
Weeps Summer gone, and sighs upon her sol-
itary throne.
So sit with us at life's end. What reck, or
pomp, or gold,
If hairs grow gray, and we, without some
light of love, grow old!
Pray God, there be not one of us, whoever he
may be,
Without some friend whom he may love, some
child upon his knee!
True love and friendship ever shine, with
lustre all their own,
Since man was never made to live, and work,
and die alone.

Miscellaneous Reading.
SECRET OF POCKET-PICKING.
The Detroit Post tells a good story as
follows:
"A short time since as our reporter
was visiting a town in the interior, he
made the acquaintance of a well-to-do
farmer who, after making some inquiries
regarding the growth and prosperity of
Detroit, inquired if there were any pick-
pockets in the city. The reply was of
course in the affirmative. The farmer
laughed quietly a moment, and then said:
"I don't often visit my first experience in
seeing the lions of your city, but I am
not as sensitive over it now as I used to be,
and I'll tell you about it. Some years
before my father died, he went to New
York city on business, and while there
he bought himself a gold watch. He
wore it as long as he lived, and when he
died, a few years ago, it came to me. Of
course I was strongly attached to the
watch, and not a little proud of it, espe-
cially when I put it in my pocket up-
on the occasion of my first visit to De-
troit. I haven't any doubt that I looked
at it a hundred times a day, and you will
not be at all surprised when I tell you
that I had not been in the city two
hours before it was missing, chain and
all.
"I informed the clerk of the hotel
where I was stopping of my loss, and as
I did not remember of being jostled by
any one, and could give no clue to the
 thief, he said there was no use in calling
in an officer. He advised me to offer a
large reward for the watch, and add that
no questions would be asked. I then
put such an advertisement in the morn-
ing papers, and during the afternoon re-
ceived a note informing me that if I
would be at the corner of B and L streets
that evening at seven o'clock, with the
reward (\$100), my watch would be re-
turned to me. The note also stated that
I made an attempt to inform an officer
the writer would not meet me—that I
would be watched all the time, and the
only way that I could recover my watch
was by doing precisely as I advertised.
"At seven o'clock I was at the spot fi-
gured, and after waiting a few minutes,
a well-dressed man in passing he asked
me the time of day. I replied that it
was seven o'clock. At that he asked me
to walk a short distance, and as we walked
he inquired if I had brought the \$100.
I replied in the affirmative, when he
handed me my watch, received the money,
and was about to leave me, when I
stopped him, and told him I would give
him \$10 more to tell me how he managed
to pick my pocket.
"Oh! said he, placing his finger on
his lip, you promised to ask no questions,
but I would show you if it was for
that man standing over there on the cor-
ner. He is a detective officer and knows
me; and the man pointed across the
street.
"I looked in the direction he had in-
dicated, but could see no one that looked
like an officer, though there were plenty
standing in that locality. That tally-
ho, with the stove-pipe hat, is the one
I mean; but I must be off. Good by!"
"The man hurried off, and I saw him
disappear round the corner; then I again
tried to see the tall fellow with the stove-
pipe hat, but if he had been there he had
disappeared, and I started for the
hotel, happy in again possessing my fa-
ther's last present to me. At this thought
I put my hand on my vest pocket, where
I had placed the watch a moment before,
and the next instant you could have
knocked me down with a straw, for the
pocket was empty. The thief had in-
deed complied with my request, and
shown me how it was done. I didn't
advertise it again, and I came home with-
out telling the hotel clerk about that
evening's experience."

REMARKABLE DREAMS.
General Grant's Dream at Vicksburg.
On board the steamboat, on the fifth of
President Grant from his trip into
Connecticut to celebrate the Fourth of
July of 1870, the conversation of himself
and several of the distinguished party
turned to the subject of dreams. A gen-
tleman asked President Grant if he had
noticed the published statement, copied
from an English paper, that Charles
Dickens had given Secretary of War
Stanton as authority for the fact that
Mr. Lincoln, at one of the Cabinet meet-
ings, had told a dream of his own,
which subsequently held no little sig-
nificance as bearing upon his assassina-
tion.
"Yes," said the President, "I read the
article, and was much interested in it.
Mr. Lincoln was undoubtedly a dreamer,
and from the circumstances told by the
English paper, I should judge that he
was a believer in them." By the way, I
have had some strange dreams of my
own. I had several, when I was man-
aging war at Vicksburg, that I shall
never forget."
By this time the attention of the
whole company was drawn to the remarks
of the President.
"Relate them," said every one.
President Grant smiled, and then said:
"When I undertook this trip to spend
the Fourth of July with the good people
of Connecticut, I did expect to be called
upon for a speech, but I never for my
dreams."
"Give us the dream," urged an ex-
Governor.
"The dream?—the dream?" cried
all.
"Thus thought, the President remark-
ed:
"Well, you shall have them. I never
told them before to any one but Mrs.
Grant, but I confess that it made a great
impression upon me."
The distinguished company now dis-
posed themselves about the President in
a manner which would best enable them
to hear what he was about to say.
"As a prelude," said the President,
"I must give you a little war history.
On the 24 of February, 1863, I estab-
lished my headquarters at Young's
Point, on the Mississippi, a short dis-
tance above the city of Vicksburg. My
army was already there, and at Mill-
iken's Bend. Sherman had met with
his repulse at Vicksburg, and I was
about to try other plans to take the
place, without which in our possession,
the war could not be ended.
"I had several plans," continued the
President, "which I tried. One after
another, they all failed. When I tried
a canal across the peninsula, opposite
Vicksburg, to take my troops below the
city out of reach of its guns, and cross
over, a flood came and drowned us out.
Then I tried the same thing through
the bayous and rivers back in the Jen-
nisaw swamp, when a fall in the river
broke up my plan. After a third effort
in making a water-route, I sent a naval
expedition to penetrate the Yazoo Pass,
and then by the swamps and river to
reach the rear of the Confederate works
north of Vicksburg. This was a failure,
and was another by way of the Big
Sunflow river. For nearly four
months, I had been assaulting the
stronghold in some mode or other, and
I had accomplished nothing. All of
you will remember the effect of these
defeats upon the public mind. Well, to
go back a little—when I started on my
campaign against Vicksburg, I had
thought slightly of another plan, but
in truth, it was so wild and rash that I
hardly dared to seriously reflect upon it.
But, strange to relate, that during the
long time that I was trying my other
experiments, I kept dreaming about
this one. I never once dreamed of a
canal or my naval expedition, but al-
ways of this one daring plan of which
I sometimes thought. At length these
dreams, and nothing else, induced me
to look over the maps, and see if there
was not some element of good in this
wild plan. I confess that while to the
soldier, seeking fame, it looked brilliant
in the extreme, still to a general having
an army to care for, it appeared like
sending them to destruction. I turned
from the maps and continued my digging.
But this one was a way in which only
fighting could win. This was my con-
viction by day, as I saw more and more
clearly the failure of our work of mak-
ing new water routes, and it was my
dream as often as I caught a few hours
sleep. It seemed to take possession of
me. The more I thought about it, and
studied it, at this time, the more I be-
came convinced that it was the only
feasible plan. But I knew that my gen-
erals would not approve it. At length,
however, I submitted it to them, and
even General Sherman approved it.
One night not long after this, I had a
very vivid dream on the subject. I saw,
as it were the whole country before my
vision. My cavalry force was riding
triumphantly through the whole interior
of Mississippi, destroying the railroads,

bridges, and other means of communi-
cation between Vicksburg and the back
country, and from the part of the State
to another. My own troops, after mov-
ing a long distance down the river, had
been ferried across by the assistance of
the best and transports which had run on
the batteries, and at once struck into the
interior. Day after day I had nothing
but victories, and at last I saw the army
of Pemberton driven into Vicksburg, and
its surrender to my forces. This was
my dream, or rather the one more in de-
tail that had so long haunted me. I de-
termined to act on the plan, and on the
29th of March put my forces in motion.
You know the results. On the fourth of
July Vicksburg surrendered to me. Do
you think it strange that I should often
recur to my remarkable dreams that
prompted me to take the one out of the
seven plans that succeeded at Vicksburg?

THE TRAGEDY AT CUMBERLAND.
The killing of Colonel McKaig by Mr. H.
D. Black.
The Cumberland Chronicle gives the
following particulars of the tragedy in
that city on Monday last, mentioning
which has been made in our graphic
dispatches:
"On Monday morning last our entire
community was thrown into a state of
the most excitement by the occurrence
of a fearful tragedy, which struck the
deepest sorrow to many hearts. The
fact immediately attending the case pre-
sents as follows, as correctly as it was possible
to obtain them from the witnesses.
Some months since Mr. H. D. Black,
an old citizen of our city, broke a load of
shot from a double-barreled shot gun at
Mr. W. W. McKaig, jr., who had passed
him, and was some thirty or forty steps
distant. The lead took effect in Colonel
McKaig's arm, inflicting a severe flesh
wound. The cause of the shooting was
not publicly alluded at the time. Yet
it was known to many that Mr. Black
had accused Colonel McKaig of intimacy
with his daughter. After the shooting
referred to Mr. Black was held to bail,
and the Grand Jury indicted him for an
assault to kill. Col. McKaig was after-
wards warned by several of his friends
that he would be killed by either Mr. H.
D. Black or his son. But he was assur-
ed by others that the matter would be
allowed to drop.
After the son, H. Crawford Black,
who was absent from the city, tempo-
rarily, came home last week, he and Colo-
nel McKaig passed each other, on the
street a number of times, and the latter
was prepared for an assault, but inasmuch
as young Black made no hostile demon-
stration, McKaig concluded that nothing
more would be heard from the matter.
On Monday morning, however, Black
stood on the corner of Baltimore and
Mechanic streets, until he saw McKaig
crossing the bridge, on his way to busi-
ness. Black immediately walked toward
him, and when they met, in the twink-
ling of an eye, Black fired a shot from
his revolver, the ball piercing McKaig's
side, and passing through his body.
Upon receiving the shot he ran from
Black towards the opposite side of the
street. Black followed, still shooting.
McKaig staggered against the house and
then started across the street, evidently
so badly wounded by this time that he
was unconscious. He passed Black in
the middle of the street, who shot him
again through the back, at the distance
of only a few feet. Upon receiving this
last shot McKaig fell forward on his face
—dead. Black then raised his pistol
and said, "I have shot the man of
—a—that ruined my sister, and here is a
load for any squaddel that does not
justify the act."
This is substantially the testimony
as given before the coroner's jury con-
cerning the killing.
Black then walked up Washington
street to the court house, exhibiting
great coolness, and delivered himself up
to the Sheriff, who placed him in jail.
Never have our people been more stricken
with sorrow. The deepest gloom
hang over the whole city as soon as the
deplorable event became known, and the
attention of everybody seemed to be con-
centrated on this fearful tragedy, which
has struck such poignant grief to the
hearts of so many families. The mea-
sure of sorrow for both heart-stricken
mothers is full to overflowing, while
others are less near and dear must suf-
fer untold agony. To both parties, and
the friends of both parties, this is a
calamity of the most fearful nature.
On Tuesday afternoon at four o'clock
a large concourse of friends gathered at
the late residence of the deceased, to per-
form for him the last rites on earth. The
funeral was more largely attended than
any that we remember to have seen for
many years. A guard of honor was de-
tached from the Fifth Regiment, M. N. G., of which regiment he was Lieu-
tenant Colonel, and his remains were bur-
ied by them with military honors. Most
of the places of business in the city were
closed during the funeral, and every-
where the sorrow of the people was dem-
onstrated.
which he was the captain, and were

**Affecting incidents of the Great Virginia
Flood.**
A correspondent of the Richmond
Dispatch, writing from Buckingham
county on the 10th ult., says:
"In the case of two families at just the
circumstances were peculiarly touching,
and a simple recital of the facts must
awaken the liveliest sympathy in every
heart not altogether lost to a generous
emotion. It seems that a Mr. Jones, a
person I presume about forty years of
age, resided upon a piece of low ground
on the lands of Mr. Feabell, some four
miles above Newmarket. He had a
wife and two children—an infant
about two years old, the other about five.
His wife—a young and beautiful girl of
seventeen—Miss Wright, was on a visit
to his house.
"It appears from the account of the
survivors that they were aroused about
1 o'clock in the morning by the rush of the
waters, and awoke only to find escape
impossible. The house was surrounded,
and in a few moments swept away by
the turbid and angry current. They
were hurried along some two or three
miles, when they came in sight of the
dam across the river, as New Market.
Knowing that this house would be crush-
ed to atoms and his family probably lost,
this unfortunate man said to his well-
loved wife: "My little wife, we are
probably all lost. There is barely a
chance of our escape. I shall undertake
to swim to the shore, and meet you be-
low the dam with a raft, or canoe, if
possible. It is our only chance." She
and his niece, in agonizing tones begged him
to desist, knowing that he was not a good
swimmer, but he fondly embraced them,
and sprang from a window and struck
out gallantly for the shore. He swam
only a short distance, when his strokes
grew fainter and fainter, and soon he
sank to rise no more. His family were
in sight; and as he had predicted, the
house was crushed and torn to pieces by
the concussion at the dam.
"With high and noble heroism and
true motherly devotion, Mrs. Jones dis-
posed both of her children to her bosom
and sank with them, but as she rose it
seems that she placed them on the roof of
the house, around which was a sort of bal-
ustrade, and succeeded herself in getting
on a floating log, which did Miss Wright.
They were all washed off together, but
Mrs. J. became entangled with a tree,
and the children and Miss Wright swept
past her. Ten miles below Miss Wright
was seen clinging to the log, her flowing
hair wet with spray, and as she passed
Mr. H., in despairing tones she asked:
"What shall I do to be saved? What
shall I do to be saved?" He told her
to cling to the log; that he was power-
less to assist her. A few minutes later
she passed some other persons, who told
her to call for a Mr. Wright, a lock-keeper
at Willow Bank, about a mile below,
but he, too, was powerless. She sent the
air with piercing shrieks, and the last
that was seen of her was at Sycamore
island, opposite the house of your corre-
spondent, where the rapid soon submerg-
ed her frail support, and she, too, went
to the voiceless shore. All accounts
agree in representing her as having been
a lovely and beautiful girl, full of life
and hope, and tears have more than once
ruined my eyes as I looked
upon her aged-sticken father as he, time
again examines the shores of the river on
my premises, in a vain search for her
body.
But the most pitious of all was the
sight of the little children, who, when
they passed the persons mentioned above
held out their little hands in mute but
eloquent supplication. Their little faces
were tearless, but blanched with woe—
Mocked with treacherous hope, the
youngest started towards them and fell
when the other, a mere baby almost him-
self, caught him up and held him. No
sound escaped their lips, but the persons
who saw them will never forget their sad
and piteous looks and their outstretched
hands in silent but touching appeal for
rescue. Brave men who had seen and
felt all the multiplied horrors of civil war
bowed their heads and wept like chil-
dren, and looked with horror upon the
angry waters, which claimed such vic-
tims as these to its merciless fury. The
last that was seen of the poor little in-
fants was at the head of Seneca island,
when they, too, went down in the rapids,
and the dark and fearful element closed
over them forever. Fortunately, the
mother was spared a sight of this last
scene, because it was some time before
she became disentangled from the tree
and debris above. Probably about
twenty minutes later she was seen to
pass, watched with anxious eyes by per-
sons on the bank. She was seen when
she reached the head of the island, to
spring at exactly the proper moment of
time upon a stationary hammock, from
which she got to a tree, and clung to its
branches. Here she remained for twelve
hours, when she was gallantly rescued
by James Wright a lock-keeper.
The other family consisted of Mr. and
Mrs. Woodson, and their child and
nurse. They were in a freight boat of
which he was the captain, and were

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An advertising space of less than three months
for one square of eight lines or more, will be
charged one insertion, 75 cents, three \$1.50,
and 50 cents for each subsequent insertion.
Administrator, Executive and Business
Notices, 50 cts. Professional and Business
Cards, not exceeding one square, and in-
cluding copy of paper, 75 cents per year. Adver-
tising in reading columns, ten cents per line. Ad-
vertisements by the year at special rates.
One square..... 3 50
Two squares..... 6 00
Three squares..... 9 00
One-fourth col. 14 00
Half column..... 28 00
One column..... 56 00

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